

WAVERLY FAIR OPENING

11,000 GOSPELERS FLOCK TO SEE
ITS WONDERS.

Amid the playing of bands, the loud competitive wailing of steam calliopes, and the confused barking of the fakirs the thirty-first annual fair of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society was opened at Waverly yesterday.

The players were content and their spectators were down. The Barker shouted out the wonders that the big tent contained but for a one of the countrymen who first came and invest ten cents to see if the Barker was a so. So at last the Barker got desperate.

Entering the tent he went back to the one containing a toothless old lion that could have animation enough to stand upon its hind end him violently with a pitchfork. The lion at first only grunted with pain, but at last he

ven to a sad but loud roar. The crowd seemed as if the breeze had been stirred up by the very fact that they were there. I did not end its miserable existence at once but waited until the people had been driven out of their seats and the country people's eyes glared from their sockets, and when the laughter appeared on his box and yelled, "Did you *laurels* ferocious man-eating lion roar?" there was a sudden influx of dimes into his pockets.

Up the hill from the circus is a whole row of crowded little houses, each with a tiny front yard. The hill, from here and here you can see the exhibition, "Come in and have you seen the bill from the only woman photographer in the world." In each of them is a different scene.

One of the principal attractions is the Under stand. The order is made while you wait. A press squeezes apples, the juice is caught in a pitcher, and you drink it. Three minutes after

the apples fall into the press. Another surprise that vied with the other press yesterday in drawing quantities was a blind man who sang in a sad voice "My Sidewalks of New York." This was the only tune he knew, and he sang it from 6 o'clock yesterday morning until 6:30 last evening. To add to his tune, that is to the noise, the blind man's two sons beat time with two drums in a vigorous manner.

The race track, of course, was the centre of the attraction, and Farmer Bliss bet. Farmer Jones bet 50 cents that that there bay colt of Farmer Jones' would come in first. Between the trotting and racing heats Myrtle Peak gave exhibitions of fancy riding in front of the grandstand. During one of these exhibitions, while she was riding three horses around the half-mile track, she came near meeting with an accident. She started all right and made good time around the track. When coming down the homestretch the three horses ran in Indian style, one behind the other. The leader

of the three stopped short for some reason, and Miss Peak's animal almost stumbled over it. The principal place of amusement on the fair grounds was the street just back of the grandstand, which has been dubbed Mud Way on account of the mire it contains. Here on the Mud Way one could get anything from a glass of beer to a glass of milk. Most of the fakirs have settled on this one street, and they make life miserable with their noise.

There is one tent on this Mud Way that contains something that the fair authorities are

out in loud tones that the fierce animals are on the outside of the arena and are not to be approached. The music is all heard by the spectators can get your eye-balls and your ears in a jolt. The music is a piano at which, with a fire-drum, a violin, a flute, and a yam, a young girl plays some Oriental melody, and soon there appears on the rudely constructed stage a girl in a white dress and a white cloth. The child is more tired than the youth at the piano, and she hesitates to play. The music is a piano at which, with a fire-drum, a violin, a flute, and a yam, a young girl plays some Oriental melody, and soon there appears on the rudely constructed stage a girl in a white dress and a white cloth. The child is more tired than the youth at the piano, and she hesitates to play. The music is a piano at which, with a fire-drum, a violin, a flute, and a yam, a young girl plays some Oriental melody, and soon there appears on the rudely constructed stage a girl in a white dress and a white cloth. The child is more tired than the youth at the piano, and she hesitates to play.

upon the rising ground, which forms a natural amphitheatre about the track. McKean was a splendid horse, but he was not a very fast horse. He finished by a neck in the opening heat of the 2:27 race, but a good deal of running had been indulged in by several of the horses, and the pace was very slow. McKean was not back, while the local trotter, *Chas. Adams*, was awarded the heat in 2:30.94. Then the famous *Demorest* trail was again seen, and McKean was back in the race in 2:30.94. *Buttle* and the *Pace* were just fast enough to be dangerous, but *Harold* was never lasted, although she had all the odds to win in the fourth heat, the mare took a record of 2:25.94. Her record put her in the class with *Excellence* and *Excellence*.

[illegible]

John D. Brown, Jr., ch. f. Sargent	8	dis.
John, Jr., c. f. Malone	8	dis.
James Wood, b. c. s. Wood	dis.	
Time—2:26 1/2, 2:55 1/2, 2:25 1/2, 2:50 1/2.		
Three-year-olds; trotting; purse \$500.		
Edith Wilkes, ch. f., by J. R. Shedd, dam Isabella, by Wedgewood	2	1 2 1
James, ch. f. Sargent	1	1 2 1
F. Palmer, b. c. f. Grant	4	3 5
Summer Queen, ch. m. Justin	4	3 5
Emily W. C. Brown, ch. f. Hunter	5	6
Barley Brown, b. c. f. Savage	6	6
Time—2:30 1/2, 2:42 1/2, 2:28 1/2, 2:50.		
Two-year-olds; trotting; purse \$500.		
Titler E., br. f. (Coville)	1	1
John, ch. f. Buckley	1	1
Joseph Peplin, ch. f. Justin	5	5
Time—2:41 1/2, 2:45.		

COWFISH AT LONG BRANCH.
The Second One Caught This Season
Weighs 500 Pounds.

LONG BRANCH, Sept. 2. A cowfish weighing 500 pounds was caught by Flavell Van Dyke late yesterday afternoon at sea in a fishing pound, about two weeks ago. Hennessey Brothers caught a cowfish weighing 500 pounds. It is being mounted and will be presented to the State.

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